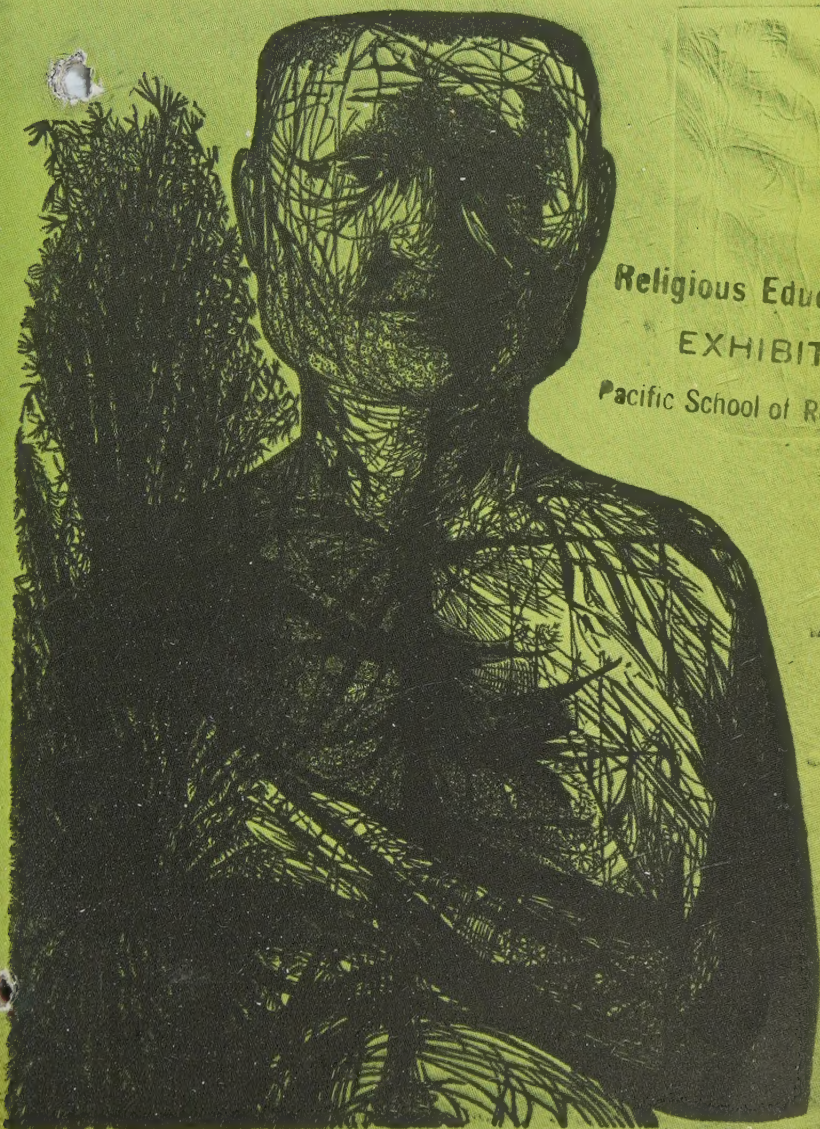


11-8  
*Youth*

BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW

APRIL 14, 1963



Religious Education  
EXHIBIT  
Pacific School of Religion

Man with Jesus Christ

11.50

James B. H. 1963



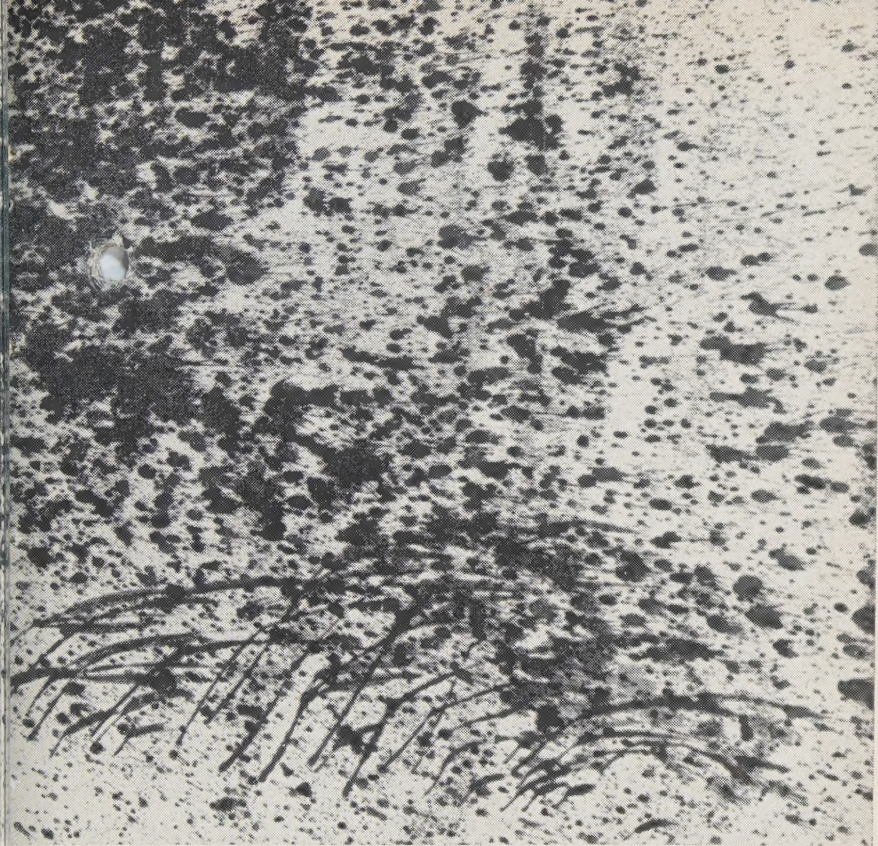


## THE SILENT SPRING /

There was once a town in the heart of America where all life seemed to live in harmony with its surroundings. The town lay in the midst of a checkerboard of prosperous farms, with fields of grain and hillsides of orchards where, in spring, white clouds of bloom drifted above the green fields. In autumn, oak and maple and birch set up a blaze of color that flamed and flickered across a backdrop of pines. Then foxes barked in the hills and deer silently crossed the fields, half hidden in the mists of the fall morning.

Along the roads, laurel, viburnum and alder, great ferns and wildflowers delighted the traveler's eye through much of the year. Even in winter the roadsides were places of beauty, where countless birds came to feed on the berries and on the seed heads of the dried weeds rising above the snow.





SPRING WITH MACHINE AGE NOISE/1957/by Morris Graves/courtesy S.C. Johnson and Son  
Collection/ART:USA:Now

## TABLE FOR TOMORROW . . .

the snow. The countryside was, in fact, famous for the abundance and variety of its bird life, and when the flood of migrants was pouring through in spring and fall people traveled from great distances to observe them. Others came to fish the streams, which flowed clear and cold out of the hills and contained shady pools where trout lay. So it had been from the days many years ago when the first settlers raised their houses, sank their wells, and built their barns.

Then a strange blight crept over the area and everything began to change. Some evil spell had settled on the community: mysterious maladies swept the flocks of chickens; the cattle and sheep sickened and died. Everywhere was a shadow of death. The farmers spoke of much illness

among their families. In the town the doctors had become more and more puzzled by new kinds of sickness appearing among their patients. There had been several sudden and unexplained deaths, not only among adults but even among children, who would be stricken suddenly while at play and die within a few hours.

There was a strange stillness. The birds, for example—where had they gone? Many people spoke of them, puzzled and disturbed. The feeding stations in the backyards were deserted. The few birds seen anywhere were moribund; they trembled violently and could not fly. It was a spring without voices. On the mornings that had once throbbed with the dawn chorus of robins, catbirds, doves, jays, wrens, and scores of other birds, their voices there was now no sound; only silence lay over the fields and woods and marsh.

On the farms the hens brooded, but no chicks hatched. The farmer complained that they were unable to raise any pigs—the litters were small and the young survived only a few days. The apple trees were coming into bloom but no bees droned among the blossoms, so there was no pollination and there would be no fruit.

The roadsides, once so attractive, were now lined with browned and withered vegetation as though swept by fire. These, too, were silent, deserted by all living things. Even the streams were now lifeless. Anglers no longer visited them, for all the fish had died.

In the gutters under the eaves and between the shingles of the roofs, white granular powder still showed a few patches; some weeks before it had fallen like snow upon the roofs and the lawns, the fields and streams.

No witchcraft, no enemy action had silenced the rebirth of new life in this stricken world. The people had done it themselves.

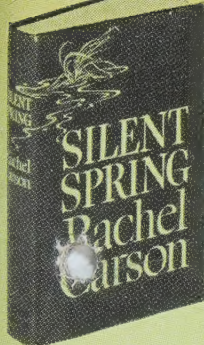
This town does not actually exist, but it might easily have a thousand counterparts in America or elsewhere in the world. I know of no community that has experienced all the misfortunes I describe. Yet every one of these disasters has actually happened somewhere, and many real communities have already suffered a substantial number of them. A grim specter has crept upon us almost unnoticed, and this imagined tragedy may easily become a stark reality we all shall know.

What has already silenced the voices of spring in countless towns in America? This book is an attempt to explain.

—RACHEL CARSON

reprinted from *Silent Spring*





## BOOK REVIEW /

"A Fable For Tomorrow" sounds like a poignant description of the effects of nuclear radiation. But it isn't. Rather, it is the prologue to a controversial book about the widespread use of insecticides in America. The facts are alarming; the argument is clear; the full results are yet to be known.

Nature is a chain reaction: one life feeds upon another; one life gives food to another. In this interreaction and interdependence, a balance is maintained. But man has attempted to get rid of some of nature's elements which bother him or his food production—mosquitos, weeds, pests. Man has disturbed nature's balance. He has poisoned the air, the water, the plants, the animals . . . and himself. It may be only a matter of time until these chemicals will become harmfully concentrated in man's system. This is the argument of **Silent Spring**.

Reactions to this book were quick in coming. Many agree with the facts which are presented and perhaps many will hesitate to kill the weeds in their gardens this spring for fear of poisoning flowers or trees or themselves. Others meet the author's argument head on and disagree. They justify the wide use of insecticides by the U. S. government by saying that such killers must be used in order to have sufficient amounts of grain and vegetables and fruits to feed a growing population. It is better to have a little poisoning in the air, than a large segment of the population dying from hunger without the benefits of mass farming, and mass spraying.

Rachel Carson is well-known for her scientific knowledge and her ability to present the world of science in understandable and fascinating terms. She has written three other books including **The Sea Around Us**. During an interview she was asked about the relative danger of nuclear radiation compared with her concern. "I won't rate the nuclear fallout hazard with that of poisonous insecticides, but I do think they are interrelated, combining to render our environment progressively less fit to live in." One is immediately reminded of the opening quote in **Silent Spring** from Albert Schweitzer: "Man has lost the capacity to forsee and to forestall. He will end by destroying the earth." And one is forced to wonder,

# Youth

April 14, 1963

Volume 14 Number 8

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# the wonder of the RESURRECTION

The printed bulletin for Easter Sunday last year was a rather sentimentally-executed, romantically-colored landscape. The dawn-lighted sky dominated the picture. Three spare trees, olive perhaps, immediately caught the viewer's eye. At the bottom left corner was a wall-like hill. Only after looking for awhile could one see that the wall contained a tomb. Supposedly an empty tomb. The caption under the painting read: "He is not here; for He is risen." I have never been one to praise the illustrations turned out by church publishers, but this attempt to represent the Resurrection—one used in most of our parish churches—clearly demonstrates the problems which the Resurrection poses for us today. This event is one of the central affirmations of our faith and yet we present it to church people and to the world as a landscape! I believe that our failure to discover an adequate way of presenting this tenet of our faith in paintings and illustrations directly reflects our confused, ill-defined thinking about the Resurrection itself. Do all attempts to speak or preach about this keystone of our faith have to be as sterile as the empty, damp tomb which Christ overcame?

This failure, if we can consider it as such, forces us to ask some fairly basic questions about what we believe concerning the Easter story. Must you and I believe that a body could be raised from the dead? Must we take the guts out of our faith by turning the Resurrection celebration into another "spiritual renewal" weekend? Is Easter just another "Springtime festival" glorifying the sprouting flowers and the return of fertility to the earth? What do you do as a Christian in California (like me) where there are no seasons, and flowers bloom at Christmas time? Is Mother Nature's cycle of seasons to be made equal with God the Creator and Redeemer?

Maybe these questions won't mean anything to you. In that case why read further? A lot of us never bother to ask questions about our faith. Maybe your faith has never been challenged by someone honest enough to say he is an unbeliever. Or worse yet, maybe you think these high-flying doctrines have very little to do with your "practical" faith! The terrible thing about Christianity is that it forces us to become personal and confessional whenever we dare to talk about our faith. Therefore, the things I shall say are most assuredly not the "Word of the

## the wonder

Lord" on this matter. Rather, they are my poor attempts to wrestle with my faith and to understand it as much as I possibly can. I cannot ask you to agree with all that I say; I can only ask that you think, criticize, and respond to what I believe about the wonder of the Resurrection.

First of all, I believe that the Christian drama is a whole—it is all of one piece. To be true to the faith, one cannot pick and choose the aspects of it that one likes! To amputate the teachings of Jesus from who he was and what he did; to reject the Resurrection but celebrate Christmas, can only destroy our faith. You and I take pride in our ability to think, to ask questions; but sometimes we are blind to the logic behind the story! For this logic is God's, not ours! Why is it so easy to rejoice in Christmas but complain about Easter? It is easy for us to accept the birth of a child—it happens every day. But at Christmastide do we stop to think that this is not just another ugly, red-faced baby? He is, we believe, the very Incarnation of God's love and concern for His people. The Word became flesh.

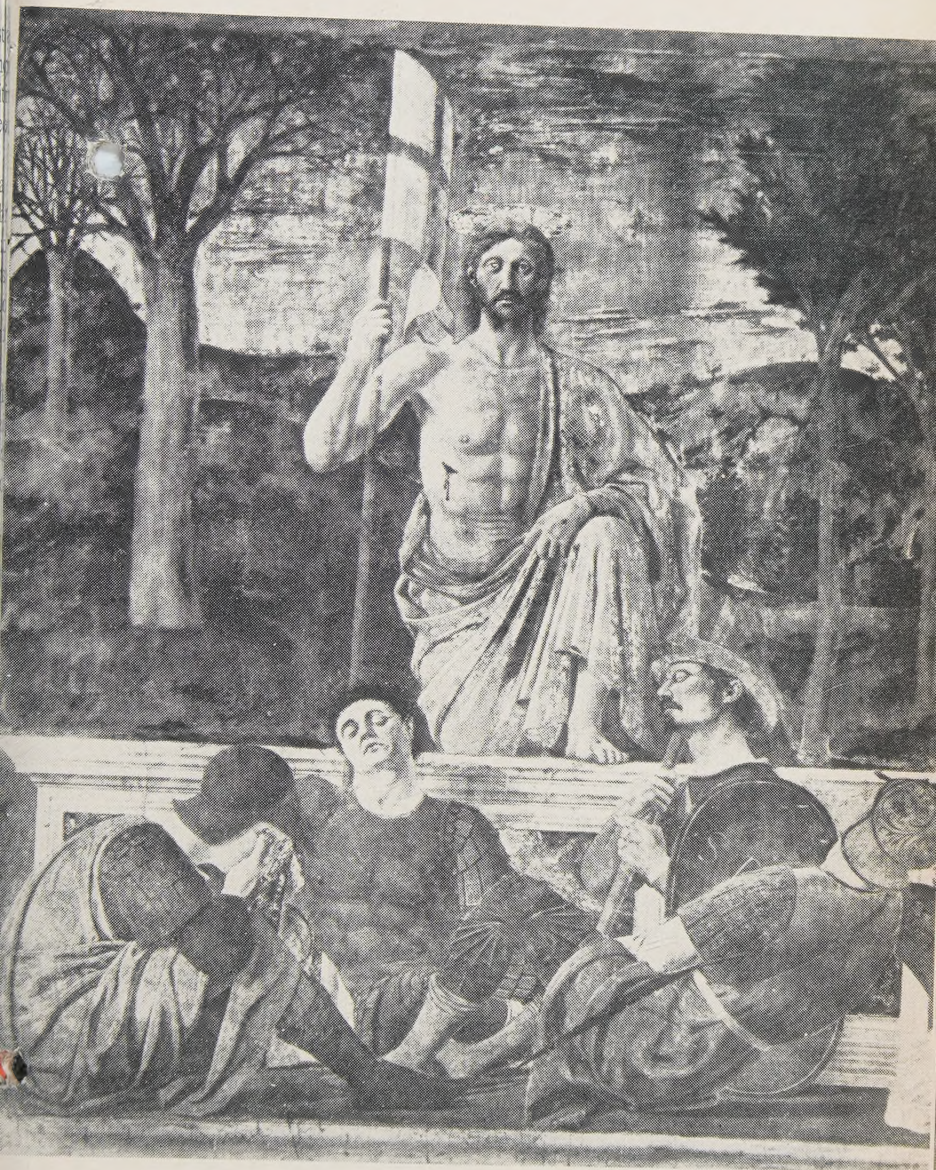
Which is the greater miracle—to believe that the Creator of heaven and earth could take upon Himself human life; or that this same Creator could conquer death? Neither one "makes sense"! But in a world where apparently nothing "makes sense" we believe that God had shown Himself and by His action has "made sense" out of things for us. One of our great modern Christian poets, W. H. Auden, has apprehended the wholeness of the faith and stated it in this way in his Christmas Oratorio, "For The Time Being":

The Christmas Feast is already a fading memory,  
And already the mind begins vaguely aware to be  
Of an unpleasant whiff of apprehension  
at the thought of Lent and Good Friday  
Which cannot now be very far off.  
. . . God will cheat no one, not even the  
world of its triumph.

The great miracle of Christianity is its faith in a God who does not love us simply from a remote position of safety. This God takes upon Himself everything that it means to be human—even pain and death. And He defeats all these things for us. This is the most important thing I believe about the Resurrection.

The second point follows from the first. If God was working through





RESURRECTION/15th century/by Piero della Francesca



## the wonder

Jesus of Nazareth to show the world His will, then it was the power of this same God which raised Jesus from the dead. It was not a little trick that some magician-like Jewish prophet pulled on his own! I can only understand this unbelievable event by seeing it as the direct action of God. This, too, was the conviction of the early church. Peter in his sermon in the second chapter of Acts, says: "This Jesus, God raised up, and of that we are all witnesses." Paul says the same thing in his long 15th chapter of First Corinthians. His argument goes like this—we believe that God raised this Jesus from the dead; if some say there is no resurrection then we are surely misrepresenting God; and if Christ has not been raised, if we have not this hope, then we are of all men the most to be pitied. What happened between Good Friday and Easter morning is God's way of showing us the extent to which He will go to woo the world back to Himself. Right in the middle of pain, sorrow and death, He shows us His Glory and Power!

Permit me a quick digression, please! Today you and I live in a society that is scared stiff of death. We do everything we can to hide from its reality. We speak of "passing away" instead of dying. Our funeral customs do everything they can to make death something less than it is. We use all kinds of soft words to protect ourselves from the "realness" of death. This is precisely what the New Testament does not do! Jesus really died. He did not "pass away." The Apostles' Creed says that "He descended into Hell." Part of what that means is that He really did die, and that he "journeyed" to the furthestmost point of separation from God. To me this means that we cannot live our lives as though death does not exist. We cannot, and must not, whitewash this awe-full fact. We must learn to live so that we can face death squarely—as Christ did. For we know one thing for sure; "Whether we live, or whether we die, we are the Lord's."

Probably by now you are asking what these dry, overly theological statements mean. Let me answer by being very personal. Three weeks before this past Christmas, the seven-year-old son of very close friends of mine was accidentally killed by a city bus. This was a boy who had talent, intelligence and was surrounded by love. Thousands of people in the city asked why this had to happen. And because I was a friend of this boy I had to ask, "What can I believe about the death of a child?" It was at that very moment that these dry, theological assertions came to life! For God has shown us that His love goes beyond death. By raising His Chosen One He has given us a sign which shows us the



the stark, undeniable reality of death has been beaten down. Moreover, the suffering and grief of such a death is shared by Him also. At the memorial service for this boy, held shortly before Christmas Day. I read a poem by William Blake which ends with these lines:

Till all our grief is fled and gone,  
He doth sit by us and moan.

We closed the service by singing "O Come All Ye Faithful." Never have I felt and known more strongly the power of Faith. Crying, we sang a carol of praise! We knew that even in the midst of death there is joy and hope!

As a minister living and working amongst the artistic community of San Francisco, I am deeply concerned with the problem of finding visual presentations of the Christian story which will speak to our modern world. That is why I was so disappointed with the cover bulletin which I described at the beginning of this article. I believe that we can find paintings and other works of art which are vital means of communicating what we believe about the Resurrection. I know of two works which have this ability. The first is not modern and in many ways it is alien to our ways of thinking about the Resurrection. It is a fresco by the Italian Renaissance painter, Piero della Francesca. The fresco confronts us immediately with the awe-inspiring, very physical figure of the Christ. He is stepping out of the coffin in the middle of the sleeping soldiers. In his right hand he holds a banner. What a great idea on the part of the artist! The banner is a striking symbol proclaiming that the battle is over; the victory has been won! The second work of art has been done in our own time. It is a tapestry, magnificently large, by the San Francisco artist, Mark Adams. The faceless form of Christ dominates the areas of color: red, orange, yellow. The work, more than any I know, presents the sheer joy of the Resurrection. The two qualities—joy and victory—are at the heart of our faith. They are the gifts of Grace telling us that we have been, and will be, cherished in the love of God. But St. Paul has said it better than I:

For I am persuaded that neither death nor life,  
nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor  
things present, nor things to come, nor height,  
nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be  
able to separate us from the love of God, which  
is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

This is the wonder of the Resurrection.

—JACK M. MATLAGA





# THINK CREATIVELY

## USE YOUR Q.I. POWER

Those "THINK" signs that you see on walls and desks are meant to encourage adults to exercise their mental muscles. These signs, in our times, apply equally to teenagers. In fact (as some of you know), "THINK" is already outmoded and has been replaced with a new concept—THINK CREATIVELY.\*

It will come as no surprise to you that it is far easier for teenagers to use their creative thinking talents than for adults. Why? Teens are closer to the free-soaring and uninhibited thoughts of curious childhood which is the true fountain of creative thinking. As a small child, remember how your questions gushed out and how your imagination created anything and everything you wanted or wanted to be? Remember looking at your brother or sister or cousin as his finger became a gun, or a piece of paper turned into a parachute, a sheet became a nurse or Juliet. And today a cardboard box becomes a spaceship soaring upward on the jet stream of imagination. And just a few days ago, didn't you catch yourself dreaming about being an astronaut or an atomic physicist or an architect or a shaper of the future? Dreaming by day is fine . . . don't stop! *But* remember you are growing into a new breed of men—the dream builders.

What is a dream-builder? He or she has a good IQ or intelligence quotient and is building a storehouse of knowledge. You must *not* allow yourself, however, to become merely a memory-master or grade-getter. Above all, remember that intelligence is not how much you know but the ability to *apply* what you already know. Keep learning . . . then develop your QI powers. QI is the ability to question and imagine. Creative thinking requires constant questioning and imagination.

As a professor, may I give you some practical advice for advancing your own education? I suggest that you develop a split-level mind. Remember what you must, to demonstrate to your teachers that you "know" the subject and can earn good grades. This is the foundation level. Then apply what you know and question and imagine and enter into exploratory discussions as you climb to the higher level. A gift of childhood is the inborn right to question. So . . . the child asks, "What makes it snow? or how does an airplane fly?" Young children go on and on and bring you and their parents to the breaking point, because their questions are like a ceaseless stream of buckshot (and because we don't always know the answers). You are more sophisticated and your questions must be more directive and pointed like a rifle bullet seeking a bull's-eye. This is the

\* See *The Strategy of Creative Thinking*, by the author of this article published by Prentice-Hall.

way of the innovator and inventor. He uses the known to seek the unknown. He questions the facts and the applications of facts. He imagines what he seeks to do, for imagination begins where facts leave off. Can light rays be used to cut and send messages? The question, and then the application of imagination, and the laser is born. Soon you will be riding on a wheel-less car and typing with a carriage-less typewriter. Use both levels of your mind and keep the cobwebs away from the upper level.

As we grow older, we are subjected to the stresses and pressures of our world. We unfortunately tend to become conformers and lose our wonderful talents of youth. It is significant that youth possesses the talent to question and imagine—the two greatest attributes sought by industry, the professions, and government today. Yet it is hard to find imagination and the ability to ask intelligent questions in most job applicants today. Why? In the process of educational conformity, the QI power has withered and all but disappeared. Yet you will need this QI power to get a good job and climb the ladder of life. What can you do about it?

In *your* youth, before you totally lose this power to dream and question and imagine, rekindle the flame and set it to work helping to shape your future. Remember there is nothing in this world that cannot be made or done better. Apply this thinking to your education, your school activities, your church, your social groups, your hobbies, and, above all, to your family relationships. Don't stumble into the rut of conformity. Don't be pushed into a pattern. Don't lose the QI power that you possessed so fully only a few years ago. To most people, their head is something they take to the barber or use as a base for a hair-do. Your head encases your brain, and it has abilities waiting to be tapped if only you will press the buttons and make the right moves.

By the time you become a teenager, many of you have lost the art of questioning. Is it because you are stupid or lazy? Not really. Rather, you have lost the courage to question. You are afraid to doubt. You play it safe. But you don't have to accept it just because it is in print or spoken in class. You have the right to doubt—it is your privilege and responsibility as an American living in a free society. Our founding fathers accepted the King's English . . . they did not accept the English King. They questioned his policies and had the imagination to visualize a free and vital form of responsive government without his leadership. If it were not for their QI powers, there would be no U.S.A. today. Your QI powers must lead us from the progress of the past to the promise of the future.

I can hear some of you asking, "What can I do now to question and imagine more?" First build up your storehouse of meaningful knowledge (not trivia) to form a base from which you can draw new conclusions and relationships. Then fuel-up and take off and use your power of QI.



Here's a starter list. Imagine ways to:

- ... make your school work more interesting
- ... make extra money in your spare time
- ... improve your grades (so you can dream more)
- ... redecorate your room or part of your house
- ... make your church activities more stimulating
- ... improve your student council in school

Add to this list with your own ideas on subjects and activities that are important to you. Be sure to ask questions as you go. Is our student council truly representative? Is it doing worthwhile things? Specifically, how can we make our church activities more appealing to old and new members? By rearranging my furniture, will my room be larger or cozier? Can I make more money by giving a few good ideas to the people I'm working with (not just for)? Are my study habits the best? Who first among my teachers dare I offer a few suggestions?

Don't be afraid to acquire a reputation as a questioner. You will not only learn more but will earn the respect of your friends, teachers, and adults. New products are following this trend. Have you seen the new square records for well-rounded people? To admit you don't know something is a mark of intellectual honesty. Even animals, who are denied the power of speech, can "ask questions" rather eloquently. As long as you have the God-given gift of speech, use it to your advantage. You are now on the high road to successful living.

We live in a complicated society, and you shortly will be required to enter into it—remember that the word in June is "Commencement." Presently, there is a premium on those people who know how to dream and ask questions to make their dreams come true. It is no longer enough to have a deep and specialized training. You must use your knowledge as the beginning—the jumping-off point. These teenagers who start now to train their minds to THINK CREATIVELY will be ahead of the pack when they enter the business world or their chosen career. The next generation will belong to the Questioning Individual who can dream up the solutions. In some cases, the question prepares the dream. In others, the dream seeks the question.

Now is the time to sharpen your senses. Now is the time to practice CREATIVE THINKING. Make the effort, and you can use it at every turn. It is no doubt true that most of us never use more than two percent of our mind's potential from life to death. A far fuller life is yours if you start to employ the 98 percent of your brain that is idling. Try it for a week. You will never be able to break the think habit. Do you think I'm right? There's the question. Now start to work on the answers.

—B. B. GOLDNER

CHRIST AMONG THE CLOWNS/1982, by Jonah Kingstein/courtesy S. C. Johnson and Son. Collection, ART USA NOW





## SOMETIME DURING ETERNITY . . .

Sometime during eternity  
and one of them some guys show up  
who shows up real late is a kind of carpenter  
from some square-type place like Galilee  
and he starts wailing and claiming he is hep  
to who made heaven and earth  
and that the cat  
who really laid it on us is his Dad  
And moreover  
he adds  
It's all writ down on some scroll-type parchments  
which some henchmen leave lying around the Dead Sea somewheres  
a long time ago and which you won't even find  
for a coupla thousand years or so or at least for  
nineteen hundred and fortyseven of them  
to be exact and even then  
nobody really believes them or me  
for that matter  
You're hot they tell him  
And they cool him  
They stretch him on the Tree to cool  
And everybody after that is always making models  
of this Tree with Him hung up  
and always crooning His name and calling Him to come down  
and sit in on their combo  
as if he is the king cat who's got to blow  
or they can't quite make it  
Only he don't come down from His Tree  
Him just hang there on His Tree  
looking real Petered out  
and real cool and also  
according to a roundup of late world news  
from the usual unreliable sources  
real dead

IT'S RUN BY  
TEENS / THE  
MOOD IS  
COOL / ONE  
OF THE RULES  
... WELCOME

# CLUB 77

## TEEN-AGE NIGHT CLUB

70 MAPLE AVENUE  
MORRISTOWN, N. J.

OPEN EVERY  
SATURDAY NIGHT, 8-12 P. M.

Music By

LARRY AND THE VERSATONES

FEATURING

Restaurant and Floor Show Entertainment

A large, grey, imposingly Gothic church loomed ahead through the foggy night. Until I rounded the corner the street was quiet. Suddenly there was a burst of light—red, yellow, blue, green—seemed to change sporadically in time with the rhythm of loud, boisterous “Twist” music. A large sign reading “Club 77” disturbed the ornate stonework and transformed the church edifice into an odd mixture of past and present.

As I entered the hallway, a subdued red lighting made the policeman in the corner inconspicuous. Two girls were taking money and giving tickets to casually-dressed couples; a sign with four regulations stood out against the dark wall; three guitars and an enthusiastic drum were organizing the uneven, erratic movements of the twisting dancers. Club 77, one of many teen night clubs mushrooming across the nation, was doing its brisk Saturday evening business.

Club 77 is located in an auditorium which is part of the parish of St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church in Morristown, N. J. Its founder is Fred Bennett, a 19-year-old high school graduate who now works in M. Epstein's—a local department store. Fred and his girl friend, Susan Donahue, a student at the New York School of Interior Design, became enthusiastic about starting a club last summer. At the same time Rev. Tom Moneymaker, minister at St. Peter's was concerned about teens in the Morristown community and the lack of entertainment for them. One movie theatre runs the same show for weeks and few eating places stay open late enough to catch a snack after the show. These three people eventually got their heads together, realized their mutual concern, and Tom offered the church auditorium for a club. Since October 22, Club 77 has been mixing its loud music with the austerity of St. Peter's facade.

How did the idea of a Club get started? Fred has long been bothered by the lack of uniformity in government laws: “We are old enough to fight, yet we are not old enough to drink or vote. There is no pattern at all in these laws. By their





# Why do teens come to Club 77? To

very nature we are forced to break them. This is not treating teens like adults, and I think they should be. So I wanted a place where teens could go—not to break the law—but somewhere to get away from adult ‘can’t’s. We are at St. Peter’s because it is available and we don’t have to pay to use it. Any other place would have meant a seven-night-a-week business to keep it going financially.”

Immediately I realized this wasn’t simply a church-sponsored club. It is a serious endeavor which Fred and Sue have started, involving money and time and responsibility. And perhaps, since Club 77 is a business, they are plagued by some very fundamental business problems. Fred agreed with me heartily. “Here you have labor and management—myself and the other officers versus the band. It is like any big corporation. We want one thing and they want another. We have to make them realize that there are bad weeks when money is low, and we must realize that it is up to us to get the kids out to the club to earn enough money to pay the band.

“The biggest problem in getting something like Club 77 started is the publicity—how are people to know about it? We tried to give talks at the schools and put up posters, but we were kicked out. Schools figure publicity for something equals sponsorship, and so they wouldn’t have anything to do with us. We were kind of peeved at this since we thought we were doing something for the kids. But we got our real start through local papers, and since then Club 77 has been written up in nation-wide papers including the *New York Times*.”

The club has also had a considerable amount of other kinds of publicity since its breakthrough in the papers. In January it was a topic of discussion on New York’s educational TV station, and NBC Monitor recently ran an interview with Sue and Fred and Tom. And various church and community groups are now coming to visit Club 77 in order to see how it works. Meanwhile Fred and Sue are kept busy with speaking engagements to other groups which are interested in starting a similar club. Fred wryly comments on these new developments: “Everyone is interested if you are successful; everyone wants to have a part of it. But people don’t like to help out on something which might be a failure.”

There have been other problems, too, besides publicity. “It is just so hard to get reliable kids to help out,” comments Sue. “There are either too few or too many, and nobody wants to be responsible. If you really want to get something done, you have to do it yourself.”

There was also the problem of legal protection. In case anything happens a “chaperone” would not have legal standing in the courts. So Fred went to the chief of police to ask if a policeman could come to the church on Saturday nights. Fred feels that you should have full protection *before* anything happens. The department was hesitant about the whole idea of a teen night club, but a policeman was sent and now that the club is a success they are as enthusiastic as everyone else. The kids think of the



## away from adult "can't's"!

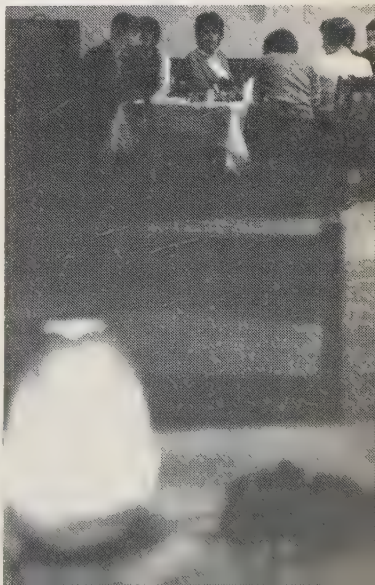
policeman in terms of a protective authority, rather than a threat. And Fred hastily adds that "so far there has been absolutely no trouble. But he has orders to take anyone who causes trouble directly to jail, and the parents will be called from there."

Four simple rules govern Club 77: no alcohol; couples only; right of dismissal; and once you enter you must pay again if you leave and then come back. The charge is \$2.50 per couple. Sue stressed a fifth rule—WELCOME! There have been no problems with these rules. However, I asked Fred and Sue about the "couples only": "It is there because we don't want stags; we don't want kids to come in large groups; this causes trouble." In fact, one mother recently called the club and was so concerned that her daughter might not get to come, that she wanted to know where she could find a date for her!

Just as I was about to ask about the relationship of St. Peter's parish to all of this, Rev. Moneymaker walked in. He is a stocky man with twinkling eyes and a deep laugh. Any Saturday night he can be found on the dance floor cutting in as the one stag allowed in Club 77. In one sense his relationship to the club is immediate; in another it is indirect.

Tom Moneymaker provided the place for Sue and Tom to carry out their idea. He also provided the necessary adult support for its presentation to the community. He also has helped out financially. But he is insistent to add: "This has been something that the kids did. Without them there would be no club. They do the work, and the worry. I enjoy the dancing!"

The reaction of St. Peter's congregation to the club has been varied. At first, many of the younger members were skeptical; now everyone is enthusiastic. And some of the older members of the church have



# They've dared to risk failure!

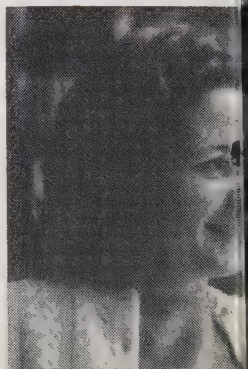
given over \$500 anonymously to help keep it running. But the club is not in any way connected with the church. "This is really great," comments the young clergyman. "Here the modern Christian Church is met with a challenge—for there is no place for the teens to go today. Is the church going to close its doors? Rather, shouldn't it be saying, 'we want you and we love you' . . . in whatever form you want to come? But the church today is not a center of love; it is a business. It doesn't even have love for other churches. The teens have a problem here which other churches can all come together on. Have they?"

"The teens here are learning to work together. They are learning that opinions need to be compromised. They are learning how things work. In a real sense, grass roots democracy is taking place here. Through practical experiences, successes and defeats, they are learning what democracy is all about. Perhaps the schools have too close supervision for something like this to happen." Fred hastily interrupted Tom's observations and fervently stated: "All the teachers want you to do is to go on and be a good mechanical man."

Immediately I wondered why this clear-thinking, hard-headed young man was not pursuing a college education. "My parents could have sent me to college like my brothers, but I didn't want to go. College kids have been brainwashed to think they are worth something. Then they spend most of their time afterwards trying to get over this. In running Club 77 I am having a practical experience—that is the best education ever. Besides, it's *who* you know in this world, not *what* you know." Sue quietly agreed: "The best way to learn about life is to be in the middle of it."

At this point an attractively-dressed brunette opened the door and introduced herself as Paula Dietz, a volunteer for the New Jersey Youth Commission. Paula has been a steady visitor to the club for the last two months and is most enthusiastic about all the kids connected with

*Sharing their ideas about the club and teens are (left to right) Sue, Fred, Tom, and Paula.*





## Responsibility means work!

it and the idea itself. She is trying to introduce this club idea to other communities in the state. Meanwhile, she is enjoying Saturday night in Morristown.

As an observer of the club and of the kids behind it, and as an ardent enthusiast of all teens, Paula made some interesting comments. She feels that something like Club 77 could not have gotten started in any other country but America. "This is a free country, and this freedom relies on and is based upon individual initiative. Fred and Sue and the other kids have made use of this important American value. They have dared to do something in spite of public hesitation and in spite of the fear of failure. In America there is room for initiative—the country was founded on it. It is wonderful and refreshing to find people who still dare to make use of it.

"In anything you do there is the problem of personal loyalty versus personal gain. Can you be loyal to something when there is nothing for certain in it for you personally? This whole area of loyalty is missing in American industry today. There is a general lack of interest in one's occupation. Here at Club 77, these kids are loyal and interested. They will stick with it even if it fails. This is the great thing."

I asked Paula, as an outsider, what other things especially struck her as she has gotten to know this club from behind the scenes. "I have been appalled at the language these kids use in their meetings. They will say anything and in any way. Everything is over the table, open, known. And in spite of this outspokenness and possible hurt feelings, they all come back . . . they are all still here. I think this is very



# These kids are loyal!

important—that each side say what they are thinking, that they air their gripes and bang the table and blow up!” Both Sue and Fred smiled at this and told me that I was lucky because tonight was a good night—there hadn’t been any arguments!

At Club 77, teens have learned to be responsible for their own ideas and carrying them out—whether the results are disastrous or successful. Paula thinks that many parents don’t realize that kids *want* to do something. “There is no responsibility without work. Kids need to work to know this and parents should let them. Parents need ingenuity in their thinking about what teens can do. After all, who can feel much responsibility by emptying the trash once a day?” Then Paula shook her head and vigorously queried: “Why do adults meet to figure out what the kids can do or should do? Where are the kids? If adults want to find the answers, why don’t they ask the kids? It all seems so simple to me.”

As I left Club 77, with its bright lights playing against the decorative stained-glass windows, my thoughts cascaded into the foggy air. Here teens are doing something for other teens. Here they are facing the realities of business: publicity, financial backing, patrons, management-union relationships, the art of compromise, the difficulty of holding back tempers, the patience to see many points of view, and the daring to take a risk and do something. And I remembered Fred’s story about the woman who called up to find out the lighting of the club so that her daughter could wear the most becoming lipstick! And the concerned questioning in Tom MoneyMaker’s voice: “Is the church going to close its doors?” And finally the understanding in a parting observation: “A teenager rebels in order to gain the independence of knowing ‘who I am.’” ▼

## COVER STORY/

Our minds are not the way you and I learn. We learn through our emotions, our feelings. Both mind and emotions help to round out our total personality. Sometimes a child, or a farmer, an artist feels a feeling, but his mind *thinks* it. After a while, the feeling is a way of knowing too. Sometimes we cannot put our felt knowledge into words, but it’s there. Take a look at the pictures illustrating this issue. What feelings do they stir up? What thoughts do they inspire? Your reactions may say a lot about you, about the artist, about the truth he’s trying to communicate. Or do these illustrations leave you cold? (Coldness, by the way, is a feeling, too!)

## CREDITS FOR THIS ISSUE

PHOTOS: 18 through 23, Kenneth Thompson.

ARTISTS: cover, “Man With Forsythia,” by Leonard Baskin, 1953, courtesy of the Philadelphia Museum of Art Collection; Photograph by A. J. Wyke; Paintings from the S. H. Johnson and Son Collection appearing (in photo reproductions) in this issue are part of an exhibit, “ART:US NOW,” currently touring the world.

AUTHORS: “A Fable for Tomorrow,” reproduced from *Lent Spring* by Rachel Carson by permission of the publisher Houghton Mifflin Co. (Copyright 1962 by Rachel Carson); Jack M. Matlaga, pastor, Bread and Wine Mission, San Francisco, Calif.; poem by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, reprinted from *Coney Island of the Mind* with permission from New Directions, Norfolk, Conn.; Bernard B. Goldner, Ph.D., professor of Industry and director of the School of Creative Thinking at LaSalle College, Philadelphia, Pa.; excerpts on love reprinted by permission from *Love and the Facts of Life* by Evelyn Milks Duvall, 1963, Association Press; meditation (page 32) by Joan Hemenway.



*Wanted: Teen artists!  
Where are you hiding?  
We're swamped with poetry!  
But no photos yet!  
And no fiction!*

## **CREATIVE ARTS AWARD**

Three months ago we invited you and your teen-age friends to share in our 1963 Creative Arts Award competition. Since our announcement in January, we've been swamped with poetry, but have received very few original teen contributions in fiction or non-fiction. A few sketches and paintings have come in, but no sculpture. As of March 20, not one person has sent us photos which he has taken. Perhaps the pressure of the approaching deadline will inspire you.

To enter YOUTH magazine's 1963 Creative Arts Award competition, you must be younger than 20 years of age. You need not be a member of the United Church of Christ. The piece of creative art which you submit must be your own original work. To each contribution you must attach the title of the work, your name, your age, and your address. Although the deadline is May 1, 1963, we'll accept contributions as late as May 15. Twenty-five dollars will be sent to each young person whose piece of creative art is reproduced in YOUTH magazine.

**CREATIVE WRITING/** We welcome any type of creative writing you wish to submit—fiction, essay, editorial, poetry, humor, satire, true-to-life story, or whatever you feel like writing.

**ART WORK/** You may submit any type of art work that can be reproduced in YOUTH magazine. This includes gag or editorial cartoons, story illustrations, graphic designs, abstract art, fancy doodling—any art expression of your own ideas or feelings. Due to mailing limitations, the size of the art work should not be larger than 12" x 15".

**PHOTOS/** Send us a black and white print of the photo you wish to submit. There are no limitations on subject matter. The print should not be larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5" in size. Each person may submit one or more photos, but no more than five photos. Attach your name and address to the back of each photo.

**SCULPTURE/** If you've done a sculpture, mobile, paper folding, or carving which you'd like to submit, send us (for preliminary judging) a snapshot of your work. Be sure the photo flatters your work.

Send your original piece of creative expression to: CREATIVE ARTS AWARD, YOUTH Magazine, Room 800, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.





# *understanding . . .*

## *YOUR LOVE FEELINGS*

**Sam had a problem. He had to ask a girl to the sophomore party.** But which of three girls should he ask? He knew that if he took one, the other two would feel hurt. The trouble was not that he was indifferent about these girls. Just the opposite, he knew he loved them all. But he loved each in such a different way that it was hard to decide which he really loved the most.

Ann he loved as a pal. She was the nicest companion a fellow ever had. He could talk over anything with Ann. They would go off on their bikes on Saturday afternoon, and he'd squeeze her cold little hand with warm appreciation for all they had shared of their dreams and hopes and plans for the future. But he had never kissed Ann. He had never even felt like it. It just was not that kind of love feeling he had for her.

How differently he felt about Rosie! He couldn't talk over anything with Rosie. But somehow he didn't feel like talking when he was with her. She brought out all the man in him. When she was close, he could hardly keep his hands off her. Feelings rushed through him that no other girl had ever aroused. He wondered whether this was what real love was, and if so, why was he so tongue-tied with her?

The third girl was Mary. She went to his church, and they always sat together at young people's meetings on Sunday nights. With her at her end of the hymn book and him at his, a feeling went through Sam that made him want to achieve important things, to become a great man, to be worthy of Mary and their feelings for each other. She inspired him as no other girl ever had. He felt uplifted, just being near her.

With which of these girls was young Sam really in love? Well, eventually when Sam got married, it was not to Ann, nor to Rosie, nor to Mary, but to Jacqueline, who was something of all the other three and a great deal more besides. For what young Sam was going through was the ABC's of loving a woman—as a companion, as a sex partner, and as an inspiration. Surely a man needs all three in a wife, as well as the rest of the emotional alphabet that young Sam had yet to discover in himself.

**How can you tell whether you are really in love?** So many feelings look like love and aren't. Yet so many other feelings do not feel like love and yet may be. And so the facts of love are important to know. Unless we know what love is, and what to expect of it, we find ourselves in trouble

when we base our futures so completely on it. We must learn the difference between the fiction and the facts of love.

**You learn to love.** Love does not simply spring forth some moonlight night without warning. You do not *fall* in love. You *learn* to love through a lifetime of experience in loving. By the time boy meets girl, a great deal has happened to both of them to make them ready for their interest in each other. Each has grown up through the phases of emotional maturity to the place where he and she are capable of loving and being loved. In a real sense you *grow* into love, both individually and as couples.

**What about love at first sight?** Sudden, intense attraction between two persons usually is based upon one of two powerful forces. The first is sex attraction. Something about a girl trips off the boy's sex interest, and he may find himself head over heels in love with someone that he scarcely knows as a person. This can happen to girls, too. But in itself, sex attraction alone is not love. The second thing that causes one person to become suddenly drawn to another is that he or she reminds him of a previous loved one. What probably has happened is that he sees in her some similarity to another woman he has loved (his mother perhaps, or a childhood sweetheart) that makes him feel just as he did in the older relationship. These things occur quite normally to most of us from time to time. They are nothing to be ashamed of, but rather to be understood as irrational attractions to some part of another person that trips off some half-forgotten response. Infatuation and love are not the same thing. Infatuation is apt to be sudden, impulsive, and fragile. Love grows out of mutual association into a steady, long-lasting sturdy affection.

**Attraction or rebellion?** Some young people fall in love with persons that their folks will not accept. It may be someone of a different race, religion, or background. It may be a person with a handicap, physical or social. Parents are apt to be shocked and hurt when this happens. Loving someone who is "different" can be a very real love or a kind of declaration of independence from one's parents. Such youth should take some time to make sure that it is real love and not just something being used to untie one of the apron-strings at home.

**Love is a mixture.** Love is a language that expresses everything from poetry to profanity. It speaks in a whisper, in a sob, in a shout. We babble it as infants, and we speak it well only after years of learning to use it fluently. Love feelings are almost always a mixture of many different types of response and reaction. When we feel strongly about another, we are apt to have all our reactions to that person intensified. We not only love him or her but we also feel strongly in ways that are definitely not loving. Mixed-up love feelings are therefore to be expected. As we mature, we gain more insight into our feelings. In the meantime, we can be assured that



love is frequently confused with many other feelings. "Pure love" is usually an idealization of our feelings for some person whom we neither know well nor see very often.

**Love is not all that matters.** Since love feelings are so unpredictable and so often mixed up, we can scarcely rely on them alone as a basis for a permanent relationship. You might liken your love feelings to the motor in the car. It provides the energy that is needed to move the car, but the motor cannot steer it. So with you, your feelings push you, but your head must do the steering. Love is not enough to marry on. Many other factors are fully as important if a marriage is to succeed. This does not mean that marriage without love is advocated! What it does mean is that you are capable of loving a great many people, only a few of whom would be suitable marriage partners.

**Love comes not once but many times.** One of the most unfortunate myths in romantic folklore is that love comes only once in a lifetime. The fiction is that if once we love and lose then we are left loveless forever after. Nothing is more false. Any person capable of loving another has the capacity of loving not once but many times, not one individual but many persons. For any normal man or woman there are many possible partners with whom a fine marriage could be worked out.

**Love does not have to lead to marriage.** Not all love leads to the altar. In a lifetime you love many persons—your mother, your father, sisters and brothers, childhood playmates, older friends, classmates, etc. Yet you usually marry only one person. Unfortunately, many young people feel that when they love someone, something must be done about it. That is not at all wise. Just because one feels affection is not any reason that he must have an affair with or get married to the loved one. Love feelings can be enjoyed for themselves, for the warm radiance they give to all friendships, without necessarily leading into a lifetime contract or a temporary "adventure."

**"Why do I love?"** There are real reasons that one person loves another. As these reasons are understood, the love quite often grows stronger still. Only if the attraction is not love at all but merely a passing fancy, will it weaken as it is understood. You love each other oftentimes because you meet each other's needs. Janice is effervescent and flighty. She loves Dan partly because he is always so calm and stable. He loves her partly because she is so peppy and full of life. They are good for each other, in that each meets some real need in the other.

As you satisfy each other's need for response and belongingness, you give your love a chance to grow stronger still. Everyone needs to feel wanted, desirable. When two persons give each other this sense of being someone special, then each strengthens the love feelings in the other.

**Love need not be entirely blind.** Understanding does not spoil love. In fact, true love does not develop without understanding. When you love you want to be understood, and you want to understand. As you understand each other, you love each other all the more. Abiding love rests upon both head and heart. Feelings alone are not enough. Intelligent understandings too are necessary. When two persons can think together as well as feel together, their relationship is much more solidly based than it ever can be upon feelings alone.

**Six tests of love.** There is no love-meter that will accurately tell you just what you rate in love, because people are so complex and the forces that attract them are complicated. But until we know more, such tests as the following may be helpful.

**1. Love is outgoing.** Love that lasts does not center in oneself. Self-centered love is childish love that cannot hold up in the give-and-take of grown-up people. Mature love looks out to others. It is other-centered. The one in love is more concerned about his sweetheart than about his own selfish interests. Lovers whose love is on a lasting basis are outgoing in their interests. They are not just interested in each other. It is as though they were standing side by side looking out into their world and their common future, rather than just facing each other.

**2. Real love releases energy.** Some feelings inactivate one. At times we are so entangled emotionally that we cannot do anything. Our work falls off. We cannot study. We do not want to eat, or do anything. If this continues, the chances are that it is not real love. Love that lasts is creative. It releases a great deal of energy for work. When a boy really loves a girl, he is eager to accomplish and achieve. He has a double reason for his efforts now. He wants to amount to something for her sake as well as his own. Their common hopes and dreams stimulate them both to be more productive than either of them could have been alone. It is this creative force in love that quite truly makes the world go 'round. Much of our motivation comes from wanting to please someone we love. Our drives and dreams thrive on the wish to live up to the expectations of those we love.

**3. Love wants to share.** Love is best known by the desire to share. When you are in love you want to share a great deal with your lover. You want to share your thoughts, your feelings, and your attitudes about things. Lovers do not lack for anything to talk about, for both of them have been saving up the choice anecdotes of every hour of the day to share with the other. Everything that happens is of interest when it happens to be something you care about. It is this sharingness that keeps love from becoming boring and dull.

**4. Love is a we-feeling.** You are in love to the extent to which you think and feel and talk and plan in terms of We instead of I. The person



who is only partly in love still thinks in terms of himself and his interests and plans. When you find yourself thinking about what *we* like, instead of what I like, you are growing into love. If you plan in terms of what *we* shall do, what *we* enjoy, where *we* want to go, you are practicing the habits that keep love alive as well as testing its present vitality. Without it the two persons are always separate individuals, each bent upon his own affairs. With it the two are one in the full sense essential for lasting happiness.

**5. You must like as well as love.** For love to last it must have a solid foundation of genuine liking. You must be able to respect and admire your loved one if you expect to love him or her for very long. If you cannot enjoy each other as two whole persons, whatever your feelings for each other they cannot last.

**6. Time is the surest test.** When in doubt about love feelings, time will tell. The love that lasts is the love that does last. When a summer's romance is over before autumn, it obviously is not the real thing. If you have experienced together a wide gamut of emotions—sympathy, anger, resentment, sorrow, fear, hatred, as well as love—so that you know deep down inside how each of you feels under these conditions, then you can be said to know your loved one enough to expect the relationship to endure.

There is no quick and easy trick for testing love that will work reliably. Young people will continue to pull daisy petals and cross out letters in each other's names, seek fortunetellers, read tea leaves, and play all the other games that are such fun. But when it comes down to deciding seriously whether we are really in love or not, we turn to more reliable evidences such as those we have been discussing. Lasting love is too precious to confuse with any of its dazzling substitutes.

—EVELYN MILLIS DUVALL



**BOOK REVIEW/** One of the most popular books among high school young people has been Evelyn Millis Duvall's **Facts of Life and Love for Teenagers**. But because teens today are considerably more informed and more mature than teens were when Dr. Duvall's book first came out, a new book has been especially prepared to meet teens' present-day concerns. The new book is entitled **Love and the Facts of Life**, also done by Dr. Duvall and published by Association Press (publication department of the National Council of the YMCA's of the USA). The article on these pages is a condensation of Part One of this new book and is reprinted here by permission of the publisher. Other excerpts will follow in future issues of **YOUTH**. The book sells for \$4.95 and is available from your nearest commercial and denominational bookstores.

## MEDITATION

A great earthquake shakes a stone loose from a tomb  
It is bare; the robes are empty  
And Mary cries out in fear.

The night is dark and lonely and the day long and flat  
A life is numb; a heart is empty  
I cry out in fear.

*Oh God, where is my center, my soul, my being?  
Oh God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*

And the disciples went to a mountain in Galilee  
They worshipped and were commanded  
To go  
To teach  
To know . . .

for lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age.

*And fear and trembling shook the earth with joy.*